

sphere of dough. A windless cloud of dust settles all around. At last, light with imprisoned air, the dough is moulded into loaves as big as cheeses and set to rise in great pans swabbed with mutton-grease. That done, the cook, with the grave mien of one performing a ritual, twists off a lump of sour dough and drops it back into the flour-sack, there to ferment until it is needed for the next baking. The quality of a cook in a sheep-camp is gauged by the length of time he has kept his "starter."

After breakfast we start out with the wagons loaded with salt and provisions for the hireling shepherds. A week goes by before we reach the farthest outlying camp. By this time, the wisdom of what the man in the train told us has been rammed home. "It takes a Bosco to be a sheepman." The saying is salted with truth. This is no work for men of other breeds. Even the Indian and the Mexican break under the great loneliness of it. But day after day, month after month, year after year, the patient Pyrénéan follows through dust or rain or snow the white wave of sheep sweeping always before his eyes. The mountains lean harsh and savage around him. The desert suns char him, the sand and the furnace-like air blast him. In the season of the rains he plods all day through dripping chaparral and at night sleeps in wet clothes under drenched blankets. When storm and menace are in the air, he pushes his flock eastward until it is safe on the lower levels of the mountain ranges. Here in the light snow, week-long camps are established and provisions stored. Here the bands of sheep feed in a ten-mile circle by day, and by night come of their own will to the central fires. Under dry snows the flocks sleep safe and warm, but in a season of wet snows the winter takes a ghastly toll. Through this long, lonely season of the snows, the herdsman greets no one but the men who bring him fresh supplies.

Spring sees the long-woolled flocks moving leisurely westward toward the coast-ranges, following the new sweet grasses. In some green, sheltered valley they rest to bear their lambs. Then the patient Bosco works day and night—aiding the weak, warming the cold, feeding the hungry. These are long anxious days and nights; but eventually, after some ten months of life more solitary than a Trappist monk's, the hireling shepherd brings his charges clattering into the shearing-pens at the home ranch. For a fortnight he clips wool all day and dances all night. It is the one occasion of the year when he may mingle with the sons and daughters of men. Then, loaded with sacks of wool, the big eight-team freight-wagons haul the fleecy harvest to the railway. When the last wagon is swallowed up in a cloud of yellow dust, these silent, patient gleaners of the desert get out their staffs, whistle up their dogs, and set out once more for the far-flung camps in the Lost Border country.

JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD.

THE EUGENICISTS' PROGRAMME.

THE International Congress of Eugenics held in New York towards the end of September redirects attention to a subject of perennial interest. Eugenics has implications far transcending those obvious at a superficial glance: bound up with its philosophy are all the moot problems of heredity and environment, democracy and social reform, racial equality or racial differences. When a movement has such a direct bearing on human welfare its protagonists may well be subjected to careful scrutiny.

To put the matter bluntly, there are eugenicists and eugenicists, and in the interests of the public the sooner the sheep separate themselves from the goats the better. While one has no wish to prevent, except by educational means, the organization of societies for the exclusion of immigrants, the abolition of universal suffrage, and the strengthening of a mercantile hegemony, it may as well be admitted that these aspirations have nothing to do with the vision of Galton for accelerating the rate of human evolution nor with any sane application of biological principles to the exigencies of modern life. The sane biologist knows how little he yet knows of the laws of heredity which the insane eugenicist does not hesitate to make the basis for legislative enactments. Says Professor S. J. Holmes in the most recent and soundest of eugenic works:

It is nonsense to say that the inferiority of the hybrid exemplifies a law of nature. There are abundant plant and animal hybrids that are superior types, and biology affords no *a priori* reason why the hybrids of races and peoples may not be superior also. We can only decide the question by an impartial appeal to the results of race-crossing, after making due allowance for the social and other influences which may affect the character of the mixed stock.

But the propagandist can not wait and where Professor Holmes sees a problem for future investigation, Mr. Madison Grant has a solution springing ready-made from the inner consciousness of the Nordic psyche: it must be a law of biology that miscegenation leads to an inferior breed.

In the present state of knowledge, the less eugenicists tamper with the race-problem the better it will be for their scientific prestige. It is entirely possible that when all discount is made for social influences the basic stocks of mankind will still be found to differ in their inborn mental possibilities. These differences need not occur on the intellectual plane but may perhaps be discovered in the elusive sphere of temperament and character. However, two significant facts stand out with sufficient clearness. In the first place, the evidence hitherto offered for definite inferiority of any existing stock of mankind falls far short of satisfying modern scientific standards. It all smacks of that anecdotal subjective character which has led animal psychologists to reject the tales of the wonderful sagacity of household pets. Secondly, the ethnographic evidence revealing the cultural achievements of which the so-called inferior races are capable, indicates that the differences, whether real or not, can not be of the exaggerated order assigned to them by popular prejudice. A refinement of technique for testing human mentality by joint commissions of psychologists and anthropologists will be the first prerequisite to any half-way trustworthy pronouncement on the gnarled problem of racial endowment. Let our eugenicists recall that Galton's own views on the subject were fairly moderate even as regards the Negro, and that so determined a *Rassehygieniker* as the late Dr. Schallmayer deliberately combated the notion that eugenics had any necessary connexion with the superiority of the Nordic over Alpine or Mediterranean strains.

But what remains to a legitimate eugenics movement when the race-problem is dropped from its programme? To be sure its scope will be appreciably narrowed but there is nothing to prevent a compensatory deepening of its purpose. Instead of leaping at immediate results, it may well adapt itself to a policy of watchful waiting tempered with a small amount of activity based on definitely established knowledge. The breeding of definitely defective individuals may well be discountenanced in the interests of humanitarianism, nor need eugenicists, when they appeal for legislation to this end, be ashamed to urge the prevention of suffering rather than the expense incurred by the public exchequer.

Again, it is an entirely legitimate purpose for eugenicists to insist unremittingly on the limitations congenitally set to productive effort. Equipped with an improving psychological technique, eugenicists may thus gain dexterity in a field of vital importance where there is now infinite fumbling and groping—the sphere of vocational guidance. It must be borne in mind, however, that such innate differences as may be established by the new methods need not be taken as symbols of inferiority and superiority. We want no Platonic dogma to bar the poets from our midst.

nor do we want material success to be raised to the dignity of being the sole criterion of civic worth, as the louder-mouthed spokesmen of eugenics have a natural tendency of doing.

The sane eugenicist, of course, will not for a moment discountenance the efforts of philanthropists to better environmental conditions. However highly one may stress the significance of inheritance as compared with that of nurture, the fact remains that outward circumstance sets boundaries to achievement quite as definite as those set by congenital disposition. No one will begrudge the congenial atmosphere that fostered the inherited gifts of Darwin's children, but why should not every one be placed in a position to make the utmost of his "original nature," however high or low it may be?

Bound up with this question of environment, is an important practical point. It is all very well to declare in the abstract that inherited qualities can not be improved, but who knows in a concrete case what is inherited and what is due to external conditions? Stature is an inherited trait, yet we know that it has appreciably varied within the same strains of population owing to the influence of economic circumstances. It is puerile simply to ascribe any observed group-trait to a deep-seated organic cause. That was the method of the older students of mental disease who sought to account for every eccentricity of behaviour by a lesion or other abnormality in the brain, but the interpretation of the modern psychiatrist is a vastly different one. Let that be a lesson to the followers of Gobineau. That any particular individual's behaviour is largely, nay predominantly, determined by social agencies is no longer the exclusive contention of anthropologists but is a proposition gradually gaining ground in biological circles. Speaking of man's attitude in general, Professor G. Elliot Smith, one of the foremost of British anatomists, has given emphatic expression to the same view:

The fact that his skull was long or broad, or his hair blond or dark, or the matter of his ancestry, whether he belonged to the Alpine, the Nordic, or the Mediterranean races, would count for little in comparison with the potent moulding-force of the atmosphere of the family and the society in which he grew up during the years of his mental plasticity.

From adopting the same point of view, the eugenicist will suffer no vital diminution of his forces. He will indeed lose the adherence of the charlatan, the crank, and the crook; but he will gain the support of intelligent students of biological phenomena and of all decent laymen.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

IN DEFENCE OF NEW TRUTHS.

My thesis in this essay is brief, and perhaps nobody will agree with it. It is that new truths are better than old, simply and baldly because they are new. They may or may not be more true than the old, but we have still to know the truth about truth. Pilate set the question a long time ago, and ever since men have been trying to answer it—and we still wait for an answer. But in the present era of spiritual poverty and need, a more momentous and, happily, a more easy problem demands our attention: what is living or, at any rate, what is about to live? What has the possibility of life in it? Are new truths more vital than old ones; and, if they are, do they stand in need of justification? Can they fight for themselves, or must we come to their aid?

During the decade and a half which preceded the

European war—the decade whose chief spokesmen in England were Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells, and whose antitheses, not less characteristic, were Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc—the enthusiasm for "new ideas" was boundless; they were not only discussed as intellectual news; they were believed in; and the dawn of a new world was then prophesied perhaps a little too frequently. That time has quietly but definitely disappeared. The phrase "new ideas" has acquired a different connotation and a new atmosphere. Where it was once associated with faith, distinction, and sincerity, it is now associated with insincerity, provincialism and cant. Partly this reaction has been caused by the war, which has made every new hope appear idle compared with the terrible necessity of the present; partly it has been caused by the inadequacy of the new truths which before the war were struggling to realization; and partly, perhaps, by the insufficiency and bigotry of the "new" men themselves. Certainly these "new" men were unjust not merely to the past—a natural unfairness—but to each other, and what effect that unfairness has had is still to be computed. We have not yet receded far enough from the era of Shaw and Wells to appraise it properly; and certainly we are the worst possible generation to criticize it, for it is we who are still reacting against it.

To-day the position is this: that the very men who a generation ago would have been followers, or, at any rate, camp-followers, of Mr. Shaw, are now, by an almost mechanical necessity, his antagonists. The reaction to new ideas is now exactly the opposite of what it was; and the youngest articulate generation quarrel with Mr. Shaw not because he is old but precisely because he is new. This does not mean, however, that they have gone over to Messrs. Chesterton and Belloc, by no means: they regard these two gentlemen, and with truth, as the mere antitheses of Messrs. Shaw and Wells. Mr. Chesterton, for one, needed a positive modern atmosphere in order to shine; and since the darkening of the intellectual sky, his orb has also been overcast. He can not do anything without Mr. Shaw, and since Mr. Shaw has taken to saying little, Mr. Chesterton goes about with a disconcerted, lost air. His world was really the modern world and not the Roman Catholic Church, and now that the modern world has fallen to pieces, he is as homeless as the remainder of us.

Now what does this distrust of new truths mean? For it can be only a symptom when truths are preferred, as they always seem to be, because they are new or because they are old. What unconscious conclusion has been drawn in the unknown spirits of men when a theory because it is new is discredited, or because it is old, is, with a touch of hard and defiant conventionality, affirmed? The conclusion seems to be this, that it is no longer possible to create; that truths are closed—elastically, it is true, and with an allowance for "fresh interpretations" of them; that spiritually we must "tighten our belts," confine ourselves within the limits of all the dogmas which have been; and "recognize," instead of making, reality.

But this means that we have lost living faith in ourselves and in our fate, and that we have lapsed back into what is established and finished for all time. We believe in our fathers, or perhaps in our grandfathers, but not in ourselves. Many things have predisposed us to this belief, but chiefly our realization of the terrible strength of the accomplished fact and of our